

## the way it feels

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[Gojo Satoru/Itadori Yuuji](#), [Gojo Satoru/Sukuna | Ryomen Sukuna](#), [Gojo Satoru/Itadori Yuuji/Sukuna | Ryomen Sukuna](#)

### Character:

[Gojo Satoru](#), [Itadori Yuuji](#), [Sukuna | Ryoumen Sukuna](#)

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# the way it feels

by [yanderemonoma](#)

## Summary

“Fucking copping a feel while the kid sleeps, eh? I knew you sorcerers were opportunistic, but fuck...” the curse spits, “this is detestable, even for you lot.”

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Sukuna interrupts an intimate moment between the master and his pupil.

## Notes

i have never written for a fandom so damn fast in my LIFE my GOD

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Oi? Yuuji?”

Gojou glances into the basement. The lights are off again, the whole room plunged in darkness and humming with the dim gleam of the television flickering nearby. He watches the colors dance along his student's hair, transitory lights gently dyeing it a few random, playful hues as music and voices buzz busily through the air. His brow raises as he skips the last few steps down the stairs, impatient for a response from his new little favorite.

“Yoohoo~ Yuuji-kuuun?” he sings, hopping to the couch. He leans over the back of it, and his lips form into a slow, little pout as he takes in his sleeping student's face. The poor thing looks absolutely *peaceful* in his exhaustion, a beautiful ease settling over his cheeks, his brow. In the darkness, his skin seems to glow in the television light. He looks damn near angelic like this.

Gojou's pout only grows. “How boring...” he whines, though the childish expression melts away into a serious impassivity within seconds. For a long moment, he watches Yuuji sleep, watching the gentle rise and fall of his chest, the soft sighs that leave his delicately parted lips as he breathes.

It's strange, really. He's so used to Yuuji's energy and the way he always jumps and leaps around, yelling and shouting and carrying on, that his stillness almost unnerves to look at. It reminds him far too much of the autopsy table.

It's been days since then. He frowns, dipping gently into darker thoughts, indulging just for the moment. He still can't believe he almost lost him. He still can't believe he died, and came back...

Quietly, he rounds the couch, standing closer now. The TV continues its humming behind him, a lively conversation chattering on, though he can hardly make out the words outside of his thoughts. He gives the cursed plush in Yuuji's arms a gentle push to the floor before he reaches out, letting his fingers dip into rosy hair.

It's all automatic after that, as easy as breathing. He caresses Yuuji's face, fingers dashing along his soft cheeks, brushing over the pink fullness of his lip. Carefully, he eases himself down, sitting on the edge of the couch as his hand glides down, down his throat, down the span of his chest, down over where that gaping wound had yawned and oozed such a nauseating amount of blood. He blinks, finally drawing a thought to the forefront of his mind.

He wonders if the affair left a scar.

And just like that, he's slipping his fingers under his shirt, vaguely enjoying the supple skin underneath for only a moment before he's simply tugging the fabric upwards.

He almost whistles at the sight, every drop of introspective anguish dashed away in an instant. God, his boy is delectable. All creamy skin and taut, gorgeous muscle, small, pink nipples and a cute, gropeable chest.

Damn.

No scar. For a moment, as he gently toys with his nipples, he tries to decide if he's happy about that fact or disappointed. Then, as those pink nubs redden and harden with the little twists of his fingers, he decides it doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is the absolute *feast* underneath him, and, while he's here, he intends on partaking in every last piece...

Humming, he leans in to taste those lips for himself, unoccupied hand slowly moving down to cup Yuuji's cute little cock through his pants. He gets closer, closer, feeling his hot breath against his mouth, shuddering in delight as--

"Oi oi, what the hell is this? Are you fucking serious?"

Gojou's eyes drift lazily open. He hovers, hardly an inch away from Yuuji's mouth, his gaze shifting and landing on the toothy mouth that's opened up on Yuuji's cheek.

"Fucking copping a feel while the kid sleeps, eh? I knew you sorcerers were *opportunistic*, but *fuck*..." the curse spits, "this is detestable, even for you lot."

"Oh, I don't think you really mean that~" Gojou replies playfully, pressing a chaste kiss to the corner of Yuuji's mouth. "Moral purity isn't exactly your *thing*, now, is it? Besides, I'm pretty sure we've done much worse~"

Sukuna scoffs. "Bet the brat would love to hear that."

"Mm? Gonna run off and tattletale on me, Sukuna?" Gojou hums, kissing Yuuji again, just an inch closer to his lips. "Surprisingly childish of you, hehe, I didn't figure you were a snitch..."

“Fuck off,” Sukuna grunts. “I just don’t--”

“Actually,” Gojou interrupts, suddenly shoving the fingers of his free hand past the lips of that strange, demonic mouth, his lips curling in a sultry smirk at the muffled grunt he receives. “I’ve always liked having an audience... So why don’t you stick around?”

He squeezes Yuuji’s cock through his pants for good measure and Sukuna groans around his fingers, drool slipping oddly down his cheek as he’s forced to gag around him for breath.

“Wh- what the *fuck*...?” the curse practically slurs out, and Gojou chuckles under his breath as he lets his fingers shift and thrust in, disappearing into whatever confusing maw Sukuna has created in his student, all while Yuuji sighs and whines to himself, his hips twitching up with the feeling.

Now *that’s* an interesting couple of observations, he thinks, and says aloud a moment after, as he easily works Yuuji’s pants down. It’s obvious that Yuuji has managed to keep Sukuna down even in his sleep - which is *impressive*. Not only that, but Sukuna seems not only restrained within Yuuji’s body but *trapped* into every sensation Yuuji feels - which is *sexy*. Only a few dregs of power must remain for Sukuna to express himself here and now, but he must be so entwined into the workings of his vessel, feeling his helplessness, his immobility, that it hardly even matters what he’s appeared to do.

God, it must be so strange, too, the first few flares of pleasure after thousands of years of nonexistence. Must be strange to suddenly have to experience the beautiful sensitivities of a virginal teenage boy.

A sadistic sneer stretches across his mouth, teeth flashing in the darkness.

“Don’t you worry, curse king... I’ll make us all feel good...” Gojou promises before finally diving down and claiming his prize.

His tongue slips into Yuuji’s mouth as he starts to move his hand again, slipping it down the front of his pants and stroking his cock with earnest. Under him, of course, Yuuji is still and adorably pliant, limp and quiet, hardly showing the desperate enthusiasm he usually enjoys from his partners. But right now, he doesn’t need it. *Sukuna* already provides him with plenty, despite how hard he seems to fight it. Gojou’s tongue shoves down Yuuji’s throat and Sukuna *groans*, he gropes Yuuji further and Sukuna *pants*, and when he suddenly lowers himself down, hovering over Yuuji’s exposed and throbbing cock, his

hot breath gently caressing the pulsing length of it, the legendary demon almost fucking *whimpers*.

“F-fuck, you’re disgusting...” Sukuna grits out between gasps.

“Mm, you know it~...” Gojou only replies. It’s such a cute little comment that he can’t help but pop back up again, just to smash their lips together, tongue pushing past pointy teeth and slipping along a long, wet tongue as Sukuna swears and groans against him. *Can Yuuji feel this, too?* he wonders as Sukuna weakens under his mouth. He fondles him, grabs his chest, feels spit slipping down his chin and along Yuuji’s cheek as he kisses Sukuna harder, wondering again and again, how much can he *feel*? How wrapped together are the two? What’s happening *inside* them, right this second?

A fun little image cooks up in his perverted mind, the two grinding together in the twisted domain they must occupy, gasping and groaning, *oh my~*

Chuckling to himself, Gojou parts from Sukuna to keep Yuuji from waking as he wriggles faintly from such an assault. He watches the strands of saliva stretch and snap between them as their kiss finally ends, leaving wet little drops along Sukuna’s lower lip that he can’t help but lap up with a little kitten lick of his tongue.

And then he licks Yuuji, too, just for good measure.

Besides his ear, Sukuna lets out a dramatic gag.

“Can’t believe this,” Sukuna murmurs. “Bitched by some fuckin’... perverted ass... b-bastard...”

“You don’t seem to mind it,” Gojou teases, lowering back down to give each of his balls a loving little kiss. “C’mon... take control... you’re *all-powerful*, aren’t you? Steal his body back and tear me to shreds if you don’t *like it...*”

Sukuna groans again, stuttering on the sound as Gojou licks a fat stripe along his ballsack and up and up. Leaning in and humming, Gojou swirls his tongue around the head of his cock once, twice, before he suddenly sinks down, taking his cock into his throat easily. For one long moment, he doesn’t even bother bobbing his head, purring in content and delighting in the feeling of Yuuji twitching and shifting under him, whimpers drooling endlessly from him in his sleep. Sukuna curses out again, hissing through his teeth, and it’s so amusing he has to swallow around him to keep himself from laughing

right there and then.

Then, he starts to part Yuuji's legs for him, and Sukuna almost, *almost* manages to grab hold of his vessel as Yuuji - or at least, his body - *flinches* at what's otherwise a simple, delicate gesture. Grinning in amusement, Gojou wets his fingers, licking them lavaciously like one licks sugar off their hands at a fair, and he starts to ease them inside him, sneaking them between his perky cheeks and rubbing them against his pretty hole.

"You're not fucking serious--" Sukuna gasps out.

"Hah, you don't have to be embarrassed that you wanna come along for the ride, *my liege*," he teases as his fingers press in slowly, one after the other, lips curling at the choking sounds that leaves the demon under him. "Unless you're scared..."

He curls his fingers sharply and a sharp "h-*haah!?*" utters from Sukuna as Yuuji lets out a low groan, arching off the couch. His cock spurts suddenly, soaking his stomach with thick ropes of white as he whines, and Gojou lets out a soft, musical chuckle at the sight.

"Oho~" he hums, delighted as he thrusts his fingers again. "What a *good* boy, cumming so fast for me~ Ah, I wonder who that was-- was it my cute little Yuuji? Or was it *you*, Sukuna?"

There's no answer. Yuuji's skin is suddenly perfect and unmarred again, the extra mouth disappearing completely from view.

"Oh?" Gojou asks with a soft pout. "Have you left me alone now? Or..."

He leans in, smirking.

"... Are you hiding so I can't hear the adorable sounds you make?" he purrs into his ear.

The silence continues and Gojou only shakes his head, endlessly amused as he withdraws his fingers from his student's ass.

"Mm-mmm~... while that breaks my heart," he murmurs, lifting Yuuji's limp legs for him and pressing them together, "I know you're still in there, feeling everything he feels. And that just makes it so much better, you know? Because now I get two for the price of one~"

He sighs happily, nuzzling against his leg before he reaches forward,

smearing the mess on his stomach onto his thighs. It's rough, and sticky, and it's perfect, just the perfect amount of debased filth to get him off. Excited, he squeezes his plush thighs together more firmly before he presses his cock into the tight space between them, groaning out at the feeling.

"Shame, though..." he pants as he works up a slow, luxurious rhythm. "With your inexperience and his, I bet you're so tight... but I wanna wait, yeah? Wait until I can watch you enjoy it... F-fuck, the things I want to do to you..." He bites his lips, daring to hump forward that much faster. "Do to both of you, now..."

He thrusts a little harder, his own cock starting to drip as it rubs against soft skin.

"Keep thinking about it, actually..." Gojou admits with a soft gasp. "Wanna see your face when I push in for the first time... hear you gasp and moan and say my *name*, Yuuji..."

Yuuji moans softly under him, and the sound of it makes his heart *leap* in his chest, heat flaring up, fast and wild.

Gojou grinds forward insistently, whining softly between thrusts. "I can't wait to fuck you, Yuuji..." he sighs, letting his words spur him on and pull him over the edge, the lust inside him building deliciously, a warm, pleasurable haze. "I wanna fuck you so *bad*..."

He throws his head back, mouth dropping open as he moans with relish. Ecstasy rushes over him, lush and perfect, and he chases it with a couple of fast, frantic snaps of his hips, the lewd slaps of their skin overtaking the sounds still streaming from the television besides them. He thrusts forward, gets a nice, pornographic spray of cum splashing up and out, all over him, before he draws back again, making sure the rest of it splatters right along his hole, painting his skin as it drips down his balls and his taint and over his crack. He lets the last few spurts cover his limp cock as well, a satisfied sigh leaving him as he strokes himself, milking his pleasure for everything he's got.

"Ooh..." Gojou gasps before letting out a little laugh. "Oh noo, what a mess... better get you cleaned before you wake up on me, huh?"

He pauses, then beams again, sticking out his tongue and giving it a teasing waggle.

"Yeah... better clean you riiiiiiight up..." he murmurs, before doing quick work to lick up every little drop. He takes his time with it, too,



listening to the ending credits playing in the background as he suckles along Yuuji's skin, gently lapping at him and purring happily at everything he tastes.

Eventually, though, there's hardly an excuse left to keep going, and Gojou tucks his boy back in, pulling his pants up and patting his shirt back into place. As he eases off the couch, he replaces the plush where it belongs, setting it onto Yuuji and tucking it into his arms for good measure. It looks so cute, he can't help but pull his phone out to take a picture, though doing so makes him realize he should have photographed the whole damn thing--

Ah, well. Next time.

Slipping his phone back into his pocket, Gojou turns on his heel to leave when he's suddenly interrupted by a soft, annoyed grunt.

"Feeling pretty proud of yourself, huh, bastard," Sukuna suddenly says, his mouth opening up in Yuuji's cheek once again. "You really think you can get away with this for long?"

Gojou stops and pouts at the question before beaming suddenly. "No one's managed to stop me yet~" he sings, flashing a devious smirk before he walks off with a skip in his step, leaving the two alone as he goes off to see what his other adorable students are doing without him.

## End Notes

bottom sukuna is my life now, i wrote that shit in accidentally but it took over me like a demon possessing my body i'm so hrghm

talk to me on twitter!: [yanderemonoma](#)

dm me for a link to my 18+ jjk discord!!

AND LOOK AT [THIS INCREDIBLE ART MADE BASED ON THIS FIC!!!!](#) it is everything to me

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